NORTHERN OHIO JOURNAL.

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The Star in the East... Religious News Agricultural Prarticul Hints

WHAT SANTA CLAUS SUNG, Or a change that he rung. On his voluble tongue, As he sat and swung,

In my fire-place ! I ONCE was a child—
If ween merry and mild,
Springtime of life has e'er seen;
I chased pleasure all day,
And my heart was as gay,
E flowers that followed the stream."

"Then youth bore me on, With its hurrying throng, hopes that were bold and high; All the world seemed bright As it hay in the light sun of my Summer's sky." "I soon was a man— Full of care and of plan, criches which last but a day;

I garnered my sheaves, But alas ! how like leaves "When the chill winds blew, And my whitened head knew, That the Winter of Hife had come; Said I, 'Tell me I pray,' To my heart one day, 'What good in this world have we done?"

"My heart was dumb— And then like a drum, Beat time to the strain of an elf; Who seemed marching me on, To my grave, to the song, "Your thoughts have all been to yourself."

"I answered, 'No i no i
This can not be so,
My thoughts have not all been of self;'
But by day and by night,
My heart with its might,
Kept time to the song of the elf." "In my ear still ringing
Was this elfn's singing,
My life growing weary and sad,
When one day he sung,
"True pleasure will come,
As we try to make other hearts glad."

How thankful I've been. For the lesson taught then, For it led mid the poor and distressed, Where my wakening heart First learned to impart Hope and joy to the sorrowing breast."

"O! then such delight
Filled my breast, that one night
In my prayers, I asked over to stay;
Where the sorry and sad,
I could love and make glad.
Till their grief should be driven away." "No! come now with us," The elfin spoke thus

"So twice in a sun, Down the chimney I come With my treasures, and heart full of cheer You laugh as Feath, "Merry Christman," to all, And you shout as my "HAPPY NEW YEAR."

I had told him Christmas morning.

"Hat we'll be good, won't me, Moder?"
And from off my hap he slid
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid.
While I turned me to my table
Where a tempting goblet stood
With a dainty drink, brimmed over, ith his white paw, nothing loth

Sat by way of entertainment.
Slapping of the shining froth;
And in nor the gentlest humor
At a loss of such a freat.
I confess, I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Benny's blue eyes kindled ! Gathering up the precions store, ite had busily been pouring in his tiny pinafore.

With a generous look that shamed me Sprang up from the carpet bright, Showing by his mien indignant All a baby's sense of right. ome back, Harvey," called he loudly,

As he held his apron white, You sall have my candy wabbit !!' But the door was instemed tight; so he stood abashed and silent, In the centre of the floor, With defeated look alternate Bent on me and on the door.

"I will be a good girl, Benny,"
Said I, feeling the reproof:
And straightway recalled poor Harvey,
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Langhter chased away the frown.
And they gambolled 'neath the live-oaks
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, thre-lighted chamber
Harvey purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me
Kuelt to say his evening prayer;
"God bess fader, God bess moder,
God bess sister"—then a paus,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured; "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping: brown and silken Lie the lashes, long and meek, Like caressing, clinging shadows On his plamp and peachy cheek; And I bend above him, weeping Thankful tears, O Undefied! For a woman's crown of glory, For the blessing of a child.

Gideon Grindem's Christ-

the drifts about fantastically, to the evi-

figure was a sweet and solean as ever the waster of the cold arm-chair, and its amplified the would give a support of the cold arm-chair, and its amplified the waster of the cold arm-chair, and its amplified the waster of the cold arm-chair, and the call flow, while a single great in which is daughter than the sum of the cold arm-chair, and the waster of the cold arm-chair, and the waster of the cold arm-chair, and the call flow, while a single great in which is daughter than the sum of the call the waster of the call the waster of the waster. When the waster of the call the waster of the waster, while the sum of the call the waster of the waster, while the sum of the waster of the call the waster of the call the waster of the waster, while the sum of the waster of the call the waster of the waster, while and the call the waster of the waster, while and the call the waster of the waster, while the sum of the waster of the call the lateness of the hour, hoping to turn anbefore midnight. The old ballad-vender had packed up his stock in trade and betaken himself homeward long ago, and most of the New Yorkers had followed his example, so that the streets were almost deserted.

One man, at least, was abroad in the storm, and as he turned into a gate of the Park to make a short cut over to Broadway, where the stages were still running, the old apple woman, thinking she might find in him another customer, began a plifful petition to him to buy of the Park to make a short cut over to Broadway, where the stages were still running, the old apple woman, thinking she might find in him another customer, began a plifful petition to him to buy of the park to make a short cut over to the wonan, and her soft eyes to we bent tenden; upon the child at her foot, as he whispered his prayer so low that only she and the angels heard it. The merchant gazed at the seene in utbegan a plifful petition to him to buy of her wares, when he turned to her sharply, and the lamplight fell full apon his face. A glance satisfied the woman, and it needed not his cold rebuil to the boy was himself, and the woman was his mother.

NORTHERN OHIO JOURNAL.

A FAMILY PAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND GENERAL NEWS.

VOL. II. NO. 24.

PAINESVILLE LAKE COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1872.

WHOLE NO. 76.

stand at his side, and seeing the man so with the word of the man so was wonderfully like that of his dead by, without disturbing him, and still wife. No wonder, for the woman was with that frightened, timid look he had

He was a very lonely man, this Gideon Grinden, in spite of all his wealth. He was a proud, cold man, and his unhappiness was chiefly of his own making. Years ago he had married a woman much younger than himself, but such a woman as one meets but once in a life-time and having seen can never forgot. than than that he had borne her mother. At eighteen this girl had married a poor He had east her off forever, and now her name was never mentioned in his house. For four years be had not seen her off forever, and now trying to soothe him.

His voice failed min, and he sooted with Litter anguish. The woman dropped her work and bent over him, trying to soothe him.

"We must trust in God, George," she

house. For four years he had not seen her face save once, when she came one cold winter night to beg for aid and forgiveness. He crushed the yearning of his heart for her, and turned her into the street, as he would have done to a dog that had strayed into his house. It was a cruel act, and since then he had been harder and sterner than ever. He had no friends. His acquaintances shunned him, and sought his presence only when business made it necessary. No visitor ever crossed his threshold:

"We must trust in God, George," she whispered. "He will not desert us."

"If had an hour, the carriage returned to the mansion in Twenty Fifth street, but this time it was full of happy hearts, who left the scene of their misery never to return to it again.

"He is my father, George," said his wife, sottly. "I forgive him all the wrong he has done us, and I, pray God to bless him and to soften his heart,"

Gideon Grindem groaned, and turning shouts of the children, and echoed the soft laughter of the elder ones; and as Gideon Grindem listened he lifted up his heart and blessed God for the dream he No visitor ever crossed his threshold: no happy sounds or lights were ever heard or seen within the walls of his heard or seen within the walls of his dwelling. Even his servants feared and avoided him. He was alone in the wide world, and he knew it. He knew he must live alone, and that when he came to die, he must go to the grave with not one loving or pitying heart to cheer his last moments, or miss him when he was gone. It was a sad, sad thought to him, and somehow it came to him to night there, for the sun was shining brightly, and the thoroughfares were thronged with busy crowds hurrying to their accustomed avocations. The air was keen and frosty, and the extra wrappings and comforters which the people wore, assured the merchant that any somehow it came to him to night it was very cold.

and somehow it came to him to-night with redoubled force. This was why his eyes clouded and his face twitched with pain when he looked at the picture of his dead wife.

The refreshments by his side recollected around the stove. Gideon collected around the stove. Gideon collected around the stove. Gideon collected around the stove. with his hands folded wearily, and his eyes fixed absently on the fire—so still, side them, but the gentlemen did not seem conscious of their presence. so tranquil, that one might have thought him asleep. And as he sat there, through

"What was that you said about Gideon Grindem?" asked one. "I said he is a heartless brute!" re-

gaze on such a dreadful scene.

unloyed, and without hope hereafter, God help you, unhappy man?"

The figure slowly faded away, and Gideon Grindem looked up with a start.

He was sitting in his library, with the untasted refreshments on the stand by the content of the content o

himself of his overcoat and hat, and divesting himself of his wet boots, the man gave them to the servant.

"A cup of tea, David, in the library,"

The figure laid its hand upon him and drew him away. He knew they were in New York again, and that they were lowly and reverently. Gideon Grindem

Another look into the dear eyes of the woman who had loved him, and he sank down on his kness and bowed his head lowly and reverently. Christmas-eye came at last. The great, down on his kness and bowled him, and he sank down on his k

his brow, and his heart seemed to stop with a flushed, excited face, and hurried still. It was fearful to stand thus and up the rickety stairs, fearing that one with a flushed, excited face, and hurried all his relatives to be there." A slight movement of the man in the bed caused the woman to look up.

"Are you awake, George?" she asked.

"Are you awake, George?" she asked. A woman, pale and careworn, sat by

"I have not been asleep, darling," re-plied the man, sadly. "I cannot rest for thinking, and the knowledge that I time, and having seen, can never forgot. Had she lived, he might have been happier and better, but she had been dead man, sadly. "I cannot rest an empty grate, with a look of helpless-for thinking, and the knowledge that I mess on her sweet, young face, while a man, wan and sickly, lay on the bed pier and better, but she had been dead twelve pears, and no other living being had filled her place in the merchant's heart. She had left him one child, and despite his coldness, he had lavished upon this little one a love onlyless strong that the first he had been a strong that the st clouded, and he held out his arms and His voice failed him, and he sobbed faltered:

"My daughter, forgive me!"
With a glad cry she sprang into his arms, and a penitant father felt that he

bless him and to soften his heart." Christmas when it rang with the merry are cousins, and will always be good lighted toy-shops in that quarter of the Gideon Grinden groaned, and turning shouts of the children, and echoed the friends. I don't think Lizzie's much town. She had evidently been abroad to the figure, cried imploringly:

"Let us go away! I cannot bear Gideon Grindem listened he lifted up his She spoke this last sentence in rather heart and blessed God for the dream he had sent him to bring back so much The figure silently led him from the

CHRISTMAS AT MAPLEWOOD

wood Farm: the hills white with snow, and the branches of the giant elms, that stood guard round the old farm-house, which our little story opens was in De cember-a clear, crisp afternoon, with a cloudless sky, and a low, dazzling sun, dropping down all too soon behind the dark pine-ridge that belted the western

horizon. Squire Marvin and his boys were down in the hollow gathering up pine-faggots; the old roan mare standing

woman who had loved him, and he sank down on his kness and bowed his head lowly and reverently. Gideon Grindem double horse sleigh was drawn up be-

going?"
"Yes, we intend to go-uncle wishes

as Miss Parmelia delivered this piece of intelligence, she let the ladle fall, scattering the brown nuts over the carpet. and scalding her hands with the hot "Lizzie," said her mother gently,co

ing to her relief, "let me finish these and do you go and bind up your hand and then bring a glass of wine and a bit of cake for Miss Permelia." She obeyed in silence, and Miss Par-nelia proceeded to finish her gossip she obeyed in stience, and Miss Parmelia proceeded to finish her gossip
"Yes," she continued, meditatively,
"John was over at Squire Hastings' this
morning, and it's beginning to be
buzzed about that he's sparking Susie.
If it's true, I think it's rale mean in
it's true, I think it's rale mean in If it's true, I think it's rale mean in him, after keepin' company with Lizzie so long—I know it makes her feel bad."
"Don't worry yourself, Miss Parmelia," said Mrs. Marvin smilingly. "John will be sure to do right—he and Lizzie face with one of the most briliantly-

The sleigh was at the door, the horses champing at their bits, and sending out She had never had a Christmas-tree herenamping at their oits, and sending out little thrills of tinkling melody, in the early Christmas light. The boys were already seated, and Squire Marvin was impatiently awaiting his wife. "Mother!" called Lizzie's voice, plain-

any one but yourself, Lizzie?"

Lizzie straightened herself, checks and eyes blazing—her heart as proud as it was tender.

(Certainly, You shall have a dall, too. I will bring it myself, to-morning.

began a hilfful petition to him to buy of her vares, when he turned to her shares, when he turned to her shares when he to he than he had and bled and blood the does not held the weard of the complete the wears when he turned to her shares when he then and person his provided when he had a great so he he was doing which the wears doing which ever shares when he turned to her shares when he turned to he was the heavy of the read that the shares when he turned to he was the heavy of the read that the shares when he turned to he he was doing which ever shares the heavy of the read that the sh

At last the stage pansed, and the man descended from it. Turning into a cross street, and walking slowly as if careless of the storm, he reached a large brown of the storm, h descended from it. Turning into a class street, and walking slowly as if careless of the storm, he reached a large brown stone mansion, where he rang the bell.

The door was opened by a fine-looking servant in livery; but as he saw the man, the domestic shrank back timidly, and made room for him to enter. Throwing off his overcoat and hat, and divesting of his heart that had been so dark. Involuntarily he placed his hand durk. Involuntarily he

promaty furnished ajardment opening of the storm, for the soul, and the soul feel the show of the soul feel the so

It had been snowing heavily all day, but toward night had cleared off, and all his relatives to be there."

"What for? Is he going to make his will? By-the-by, Lizzie, John's come now a keen, bitter wind was blowing, that cut to the very bone. It was so cold indeed, that but few persons were will? By-the-by, Lizzie, John's come home—I saw him at Miss Hastings' this morning." on the streets, although it was Christmarning." has every Usually, at this hour, on the night before the great holiday, the pavements were crowded with people; happy children going, hand-in-hand, with their parents, to buy toys; gay lookers-on; maskers in grotesque gar-ments; and boys blowing horns; every-thing and everybody jubilant with joy and merriment. But now the streets were almost deserted, for the snow lay a foot deep. In vain the shop windows blazed with gas and exhibited their very choicest stores. Here and there a new boy, stooping to face the blast, cried the

Suddenly, a bare-footed little girl, thinly clad, and shivering with

"Hon't worry yourself, Miss Farme-lia," said Mrs. Marvin smilingly, "John will always be good are courself, and the sure to do right—he and Lizzie are course, and caune face to face with one of the most brillantly." The door shut, the men had vanished are courself, about think Lizzie's much troubled about his attentions to Susie."

She spoke this last sentence in rather a loud tone, that it might reach Lizzie's ear. She was just returning with the case wod, which had been picked up everywhere and anywhere.

At sight of the dazzling window and of the giories it revealed, the poor little hing stopped. Her yees sparkled with joy. Her breath came short. For a moment she forgot the want and is stad, sweet-looking woman, not over the face buried in the pillow, she gave way to her grief, and wept and sobbed like a child.

"Mother!"

"Mon't know who sent it—it's paid food, trans and cannel face to face with one of the most brillantly. The door shut, the men had vanished. The door shut, the men had vanished. Oh, mother! we're dreaming." orded the delighted child, dancing about the basket. "Why, there's everything the delighted child, dancing about the basket. "Why, the Lord keeps working niceles, don't he?"

"Call Hetty Moss, child," said her over come; and presently Hetty came in, at stad, sweet-looking woman, not over the given of all sorts—lichened twig with joy. Her breath came short. For a moment she forgot the want and misery at home—the fireless room, the empty her face buried in the pillow, she gave way to her grief, and wept and sobbed like a child.

"Mother!"

"A new fance with older the basket.

"In don't know who sent it—it's paid for the definition of the dearming—in the delighted vanished. The delighted child, dancing about the basket. "Why, the Lord keeps working niceles, don't he?"

"Call Hetty Moss, child," said her of a staid, sweet-looking woman, not over the propose of a breaken or camely trained and other the child, shancing about the basket. "Why, the Lord keeps working of a wild elicate creepers—L with diamonds; the funny, funny masks. self; but she had heard of such things,

and she gasped, breathlessly, gazing at "Where will it go I wonder! To some one who lives in a beautiful house, I expect and has everything she wants,

tending, even then, to go away and try ings, sing not only of the transien

poor feet. I cried to see you go out into the snow to-day; and I prayed in agony to the dear Lord to help us; and this is immediate. A couple of pins, a tack, or the answer."
"But I don't want the shoes, mamma, I want Christmas," said Lucy, with a disappointed face. "He told me to go

in and buy toys. We never did have a Christmas, and I wanted to see how it

mother, quite pale.

turkey from the basket.
There was another knock at the door, and a tall man entered, and stood there on the threshold. The sick woman looked up, and a great cry, the cry of be said to be complete. uncontrolled joy rang through the

"Robert! Robert!"

splendors of woods and gardens, but of that fadeless Summer which at Christmas time, eighteen centuries ago bloomed for the whole world.

So let us not question whether the sweet custom had origin in far-away and forgotten heathenism. Whatever its source, it bears the stamp of ages of Christian usage, and is poetic legacy to us from the early dawn of faith. Let us celebrate Yule-tide with green boughs as our forefathers did, teaching little

hand, and regarding the money.

The sad, sweet, wasted face lighted up with a glow of thankfulness as she listened to the little narrative.

phant sacots, three with readicty pannishaped leaves, adapt themselves to every curve and angle. Nothing can be easier to manage.—it is but a touch, a twirl, and you have a graceful ornament "Oh, my darling!" she cried, "it was sent for shoes and stockings for your poor feet. I cried to see you go out into delier, trained in a light drapery about the clastic toughness of the stem itself, holds all in place, and five minutes suffices to produce effects wheh half an

hour's laborious "bunching and tying" after the old method would not accom-Then there is no end to the variety Very soon there was a loud knock at which can be secured by mixing this door; and when it was opened, in came with other evergreens. Laurel boughs, two stout men with an enormous basket between them, and put it down; and there it sat looking up into the widow's face, with great, round eyes of potatoes and squashes, and buiging packages that told of plenty.

With other evergreens. Laurel boughs, twigs of soft-pine, hemlock, arbor vita, sprays of holly or Mahonia, are all susceptible of pretty combination. The evergreen ferns which we can gather in the woods at all times during the winter may be gracefully massed in a bowl or old of plenty.

"Who is this for? asked Lucy's nother, quite pale.

"It's for a widow by the name of wine-like wreaths of the ground-pine. Pettigrew."

"But who sent it?"

"I don't know who sent it—it's paid for, that's all I care about."

Autumn-leaves roughly pressed in large boughs, and grouped high up on walls behind engravings or above doors, are extremely bright and decorative. Clus-

icate arabesque of that exquisite climb-ing fern which has of late come into the And then as-

And then as—
"Christmas loves jolly crew
Who cloudy care defy,"
do not forget to add that of the room, a
blazing fire, which as a venerable authority gays is "The visible heart and
soul of Christmas." And while twin-

And the state of t

ADVERTISING RATES ONE INCH IN SPACE MAKES A SQUARE.

Business notices in local columns will be char

ed for at the rate of 15 cents per line for fi insertion and eight cents per line for each s equent insertion

Business cards 1.25 per line per annum. Yearly advertisers discontinuing their adver-isements before the expiration of their contracts Transient advertisements must invariably be aid for in advance. Regular advertisements

to be paid at the expiration of each quarter. MELANGE,

A house full of daughters is a cellar full of sour beer .- Dutch proverbs. A thief running away is a scamp; but a policeman's chase after him is a scam-

The New Year's question for New Yorkers—Will the gray Mayor prove the better horse? Miss Amy R-, of Iowa, weighs 356 pounds. No man will marry her, for

fear of big Amy. In the councils of the Republican party is accordwain; but among the Crispins is a cordwainer. As the cold weather comes on. a susceptible fiancee is impelled to give the mitten to the chap she has on her

A young lady of Gratiot, Mich., still a minor, has two husbands living, to each of whom she has been married twice

The difference between a hotel-keeper and the indiscreet publisher of the Advertiser is that one lets out rooms and the other lets out rumors. An Illinois schooloy has been fined by a police magistrate for kissing the schoolmistress; under what precise

crimnal statute is not stated. Massilon, O., is small, but has 121 widows and 200 marriageable girls. If any young man is desirous of leaving a widow, Massilon is the place.

The ornithological smile sometimes applied to lawyers an account of the length of their bills is further borne out by their constant to-wittering. Mr. Thurlow Weed is reported to have given up smoking, being convinced by half a century's experience thereof that it is a remarkably slow poison. The reason why certain ritualistic

ladies so reserve their pastor, is that they are, metaphorically speaking, the ewes of the flock, while he is the Ewer. Simple as may seem the little succu-lent bivalve it takes all the forces of nature to make a clam; but in England it only takes Mr. Disraeli to

What distinction can be drawn between a sausage made of a sporting dog, and other things generally? Why the form-er is ate setter and the the latter is et

Mr. Darwin was looking for arguments to prove man's simian descent, he quite overlooked the instance of the Pamunky A Californian Indian belle lately attempted to introduce the before-the-full fashion of nothing and a hoop-skirt as a

Looking at specimens of handwriting displayed in show-cases by certain pro-fessors of chirography, their ornature led a wit of one of the clubs to remark

it as "catalepsis cataractes." Being a zymotic disease, it probably spreads by In the coming trial of the Tichborne claimant Mr. Digby Seymour, Q. C., will be the leading counsel. He receives 1,000 guineas retainer, and 50 guineas a day "refresher" during the continuance of the trial.

faint, fine flavor of this ancient fancy, with its pathetic yearning after the vanished summer and its prophecies of hope. Something subtle, too, and tension. I will bring it myself, to-mortow—"

"Oh! will you, sir?" she interrupted, are eyes dancing.

"We live on Carpenter street, No. 10. And I may keep the five dollars, may I, ished summer and its prophecies of hope. Something subtle, too, and tension. I will bring it myself, to-mortow—"

"Oh! will you, sir?" she interrupted, are eyes dancing.

"I will you, sir?" she interrupted, are eyes dancing.

"I will you, sir?" she interrupted, are eyes dancing.

"The data in the flavor of this ancient fancy, with its pathetic yearning after the vanished summer and its prophecies of hope. Something subtle, too, and tension for fear you will have to tell me this or tell au untruth.

"Ugh! I feel as if I'd just swollowed a doors and see these little tell-tales lying about on the pavement. It is a dirty their last sad respects to the deceased philauthronist was estimated at two

Here is an indication of the charming way in which woman is to adorn our polities: "At Pittsfield's Maplewood Institute Tuesday morning, the young ladles of Republican procilivities all member!

came into chapel for prayers in bright colored dresses and with red, white and blue ribbons about their pretty necks and twined in their hair, while the "Unyanyembe coffee, direct from the Democratic sisters appeared in black sources of the Nile," Coming from dresses and sashes and with crape ties.